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Congo News Letter

APRIL 1953

CONGO NEWS LETTER

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Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

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"O CHRIST, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEE"

LUKE 22: 19.

Blessèd hands that brake the bread
On that sad eve.
On that sad eve.
Blessèd lips that bade and pled,
"Remember me.
Remember me!"
Blessèd feet that walked to death
How beautiful!
How beautiful.
Blessèd life that paid my debt
On Calvary.
On Calvary.

Bless, Christ, my feet to follow Thee,
Use Thou my hands to work for Thee
Move Thou my lips to tell of Thee,
Take my life and let it be.
All for Thee!
All for Thee!

— JANET BOONE

SEVENTY-FIVE

H. D. BROWN

IN the Roi Baudouin stadium at Leopoldville twenty thousand were gathered in a great mass meeting on a Sunday in February. Distinguished visitors were present,—the Governor General of the Belgian Congo, high ranking officials. In this city of 260,000 this company of people had gathered to remember the beginning of Protestant missions seventy-five years ago. The twenty thousand represented one and a half million Protestant adherents in the Congo. Seventy-five years ago there was not one. In 1878 Protestant missions gained a first and precarious foothold on the Dark Continent. Men and women who did not count their life dear came out to face savage men and still more deadly diseases; they came to wrest the right to a precarious existence from the relentless jungle. Their progress was marked by frequent death and graves which the jungle fought to claim back as its own. They came with one burning purpose in their hearts — to preach Christ until the darkness should give place to the blaze of day and the Sun of righteousness should arise with healing in His wings. Seventy-five years later a great multitude of people all over the Congo vindicate the heroic faith of those first pioneers.

Henry M. Stanley hit the headlines in 1877 when, after three years of silence during which he made his way from the east to the west of the African continent, he brought to the civilized world the story of Africa's dark shame. Early the next year the first missionaries of the Cross were trying to get that toehold on a hostile continent which was to herald the dawn. It was at Palabala. Our own American Baptist station at Palabala, founded by Henry Craven in 1878 is the very first point in the Congo from which grew the modern missionary movement in this country. Craven came out as a missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission of Great Britain. Henry Richards followed him and the next year, 1879, the second Protestant mission station in the Congo was founded ,— Banza Manteke. And then it was Dr. Aaron Sims who pushed on past the two new stations and got to Stanley Pool where the great modern city of Leopoldville now stands. He

eached it in 1883. Stanley, then back in the Congo as its first overnor, made over to Dr. Sims the concession where our pre- ent work is located, and many of the palm trees now growing here were planted at the time of its beginning.

Dr. Sims brought out the *Henry Reed*, the seventy foot teamer built for travel on the Congo River. First built in England was then knocked down and its pieces numbered, made into oads not exceeding 60 lb. so that they could be carried by porter he two hundred miles separating the port of ocean call on the Congo River and Stanley Pool, which lay inland, inaccessible be- ause of rapids along that stretch of the river. The little steamer erved in the gospel witness for many long years, first exploring he new land for sites for mission stations, then plying between hese newly founded stations it carried the message of peace to iverine tribes. The oldest permanent building in Leopoldville oday is the beautiful little chapel built by Dr. Sims in the last entury.

In seven short years the Livingstone Inland Mission had stablished seven stations stretching from the coast for seven undred miles into the interior. The sacrifices had been enormous. n 1880 of a group of six new missionaries four were dead within year. At the end of the seven years the mission had sent out nore than twice as many missionaries as it then had in active ervice. Help was needed and so they turned in 1884 to American Baptists who took over their lower Congo stations and their mis- ionaries manning them. We have a great heritage and a great esponsibility.

Our new missionaries who arrive in the Congo today will ail up the river in comfort aboard a 10,000 ton ocean liner, rid- ng over the famous Devil's Cauldron just below Matadi with not nuch more than a moment's tremor felt in the great ship, where eventy-five years ago Henry Richards' canoe was nearly sucked o the bottom. They will step ashore at the modern docks built pon land bought by Craven for a mission station, and will board heir train at Matadi from a fine modern railroad station also tanding on land which he bought for a mission site and which ve occupied for over fifty years. They will never know the weari-

ness of the pioneers who toiled the mountainous two hundred miles on foot from Matadi to Leopoldville because they will ride on a railroad which was laid at the cost of a human life for every meter of its advancing track. When some of them go by river to inland stations they will not be met by arrows strung to drawn bows because men like Craven, Richards and Joseph Clark answered the menace of those strung arrows with the story of God's great love. Some of them will go to Palabala, now an outpost of the Banza Manteke field, and will stand upon Fetish Rock. Nobody will be hurled from it today because Craven got there seventy-five years ago with the story of Christ who died that the men of Palabala might live. Some will visit old Banza Manteke and stand in the old church built by materials sent out by Dr. A. J. Gordon (noted for his tune to "My Jesus, I love Thee"), and the Clarendon Street Baptist Church of Boston. They will be received as friends because Henry Richards is still remembered and loved for his unselfish life among them. Truly the darkness is past, the night is almost forgotten, the day has dawned and there is light.

We pause to look back over our seventy-five years of glorious history and give thanks for the noble company of martyrs and apostles whose life and ministry helped bring in this new day. Then we look ahead. What is next? In a tragic world where the shadows are lengthening the Belgian Congo offers a challenge to the Christian church today. There is a new generation fast forgetting the night that is past, ready for Christ if we can furnish them preachers; ready to be trained as Christian workers if we can furnish them teachers; material ready for the Master's use if our young people at home will remember that the day of service and sacrifice is not past. The hazards are different. The manner of life has changed. The basic problems are the same and for the Congo *now is the accepted time*, tomorrow may be too late.

MEMORIAL STONES

T. E. Bubeck

THE story found in Joshua 4 of the twelve memorial stones taken out of the river bed after the crossing of the Jordon laced on the west bank of the river as a memorial for coming enerations is too well known to be related here. There was never o be any doubt in the minds of coming generations as to how vonderfully God had led Israel for forty years following a mi-aculous deliverance from Egypt. "These stones shall be unto the Chilren of Israel forever."

The story of the stones found today on the bank of the Inzia iver at Moanza is not so familiar, but is no less of a memorial to ne wondrous grace and power of God in delivering a people. May there never be any doubt in the minds of coming genera-ons as to that fact. When generations yet unborn shall ask: What mean ye by these stones?" May the witness ever be clear nd strong.

It is not likely that digging rocks out of a river bed and carry-ng them to the river bank was considered a lot of fun, but the for-nality and consciousness of doing the will of God overshadowed ny fatigue that might have been felt. The act of carrying rock at Moanza even lacked the formality, but there was a sense of doing ne will of the Lord and the work of the Lord. There was this add-d compensation which those of Joshua's time did not have. The uilding rock is not colorful, but soon began taking shape as a vorship center, medical center, training center and homes for ne Africans and their missionaries.

Yes, for forty years God has led us in our wanderings nroughout the Moanza field. Forty years ago Samuel Mpambu tarted out from Lukunga in the Banza Manteke field with Tho-nas Moody who had baptised Mpambu seven years earlier. The tter reached Moanza in October 1913 after a long period of ill-ess at Kinshasa and a further delay at Dima. *Tata* Moody had tarted out without him and was awaiting him here.

There were at that time no stateposts or mission stations in nis area, either Catholic or Protestant, and Moanza was then con-

sidered as an outpost of Vanga to serve an area, "extending from Mayoyo on the north, to the Wamba on the west, to Lukumbi on the east and several days travel to the south" according to Dr. Leslie of Vanga. Three years later he continues in his journal: "The workers have been faithful in spite of abject poverty in which they have been carrying on their work. There does not seem to be more than one or two pieces of European cloth among them. They are clothed mostly in strips of native cloth. They have now been promised one to three francs a month besides a few cups of salt per month which they have been receiving..." Then speaking of their faithfulness he adds: "There has been only one of their number who has deserted his work to go to some more remunerative employment."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill joined Mpambu in July 1924. Samueli Mfuta came up with the Wakemans in 1925 and stayed when they went home on furlough, and has been with us ever since. In this way Sona Bata made an outstanding contribution as Banza Manteke had done in the sending of Mpambu.

Since 1917 when the first six converts were baptised, over 10,220 have followed the Lord through the waters of baptism. Some of these "living stones" have since dropped out and others have had to be removed thereby somewhat disfiguring the temple. But the glory and the steadfastness of those remaining far outshines the blemishes. Some like *Tata* Moody and Samueli Mpambu and the Hills have gone to their reward, a reward not judged on the basis of mastery of skill, trim or training, but on faithfulness in which they were not lacking.

In 1939 every village where there were Christians, sent a delegation to Moanza to spend two weeks carrying rock, sand and other building material to build the church which, with other stones here, will stand as a memorial to the children of the land forever. Contributions by the missionaries purchased the cement while the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, N. Y. contributed $200 to buy iron roofing, to make the House of God here one of the prettiest and most servicable I have seen. Memorial stones to the faithfulness of our God and to the love and devotion of His people here.

Today there are more teachers than those of whom Dr. eslie wrote in 1916. There is, incidentally, more cloth also. I wish could say an equal degree of faithfulness. All but four of our irteen pastors are Kimpese-trained men. Two Sona Bata Med-al School graduates and eight hospital assistants help our mis-onary nurse. Eight monitors help our missionary in the school train better leaders than those sent out by the pioneers forty ears ago.

As we look to the future let me point just once more to the ckpile on Jordon's bank for an analogy. "Which remains unto is day" is not an uncommon expression of Scripture. Clay is sily washed away. Wood and grass return to the dust with mazing rapidity, but rocks remain, memorials to the eternal ature of God. The external form may change. The color is bound change. Storms may appear to be wearing it away, but when the ind and the storm have passed, the stones will remain, assuring e anxious heart that there is nothing to fear.

Dr. Leslie Newbegin recently wrote: "The missionary move-ent of the last 200 years was the slow, painful and often reluc-nt obedience of the Churches of the West to the fundamental emand of the Gospel. To re-read the story of the early years of e movement . . . of the staggering magnitude of the tasks to hich the pioneers set themselves, and of the terrible toll which eath took of them in the early decades of the movement is to alize afresh both how great is the work which has been done ithin these two hundred years and how very much remains be done if the Churches of the Old Christendom are to accept eriously the missionary obligation which the Gospel lays upon em." (*The reunion of the Church, 1952, p.19*)

Will the "Churches accept seriously the missionary obli-ation which the Gospel lays upon them?" Will the rockpile ever ecome a mausoleum instead of a memorial? Is there danger of s gathering about the rockpile with songs of praise for the forty ears of deliverance and leading and refuse to go forward? Is ere a tendency of making too much of a study of the rocks and e proper technique and stragedy of advance and do nothing bout it ? Is there a danger of glorifying retreats when God in-

tends that we should go forward? Is there a danger of consoling ourselves that the rocks we have today are prettier, our leaders better trained and polished, our nurses dispensing medicines with greater exactitude than was done forty years ago?

Our pioneers built with stones, memorials to God's grace and power and to the faithfulness, obedience and devotion of the workers in spite of dangers of every kind. Our greatest memorials may still need to be built—this time not of rock but of redeemed lives, resolute characters and of records of progress extensive and intensive. Then the rockpile will have served its intended purpose.

THEN AND NOW

M. S. ENGWALL

ARRIVING in Congo this time for what will probably be our last term, we could not help but make a few comparisons showing the changes that have taken place during the 28-year interval.

Then we were assigned rather cramped quarters in a small cabin while this time we had a cabin with all conveniences and located on the promenade deck with plenty of fresh air.

Arriving in Matadi our seaport in 1924 we had to stay at our A.B.F.M.S. headquarters for many days making up our loads for our carriers who were to carry them the entire distance of 50 miles over hilly country and across many streams. We ourselves took the little narrow guage train to Cipello and from there we went by push-push to old Banza Manteke station. Old Lukoki was on hand with his genial smile and about 60 carriers; best of all was that he spoke English quite well. We stayed over night at Bete and were given a royal reception by the village people. The first night was a nightmare for me as when I crawled into my camp cot I let in dozens of mosquitoes with me, who were all bent on giving me their own version of welcome to Congo. We arrived

t the station at noon the next day and after climbing the old hill-
op in the heat of the noon-day tropical sun we vowed we'd never
et down off that hill again. We made that same vow many times
fterward!

This time, when we arrived in Matadi, Annis Ford and
sther Ehnbom had come down to meet us in the mission truck—
nly about three hours run. They were on the quai to meet us as
ne boat pulled in and to take us and our baggage all the way to
ur mission station.

Then, we were total strangers, everyone and everything seem-
d strange to us while this time the truck had barely come to a
alt when the girls from the Girls' School swarmed all over it
ying with one another to be the first to greet us. We felt indeed
nat we had come HOME and what a grand feeling it was!

Since our arrival we have found that many changes have
aken place in even the short time we were home on furlough. We
ound this out the very next day when we went to buy a few na-
ve products. I could hardly believe my ears when I asked the
rice of plantains and was told they were one franc apiece when
nly a few years ago we could have bought ten for that price.
When we began to inquire as to what salaries to pay the Congo
eople who work for us, we found that these had gone up con-
iderably while we had been gone. Those who were getting 300
rancs a month when we went home are now getting 1,000 francs
$20) and over, one or two are getting 2,000 francs.

The colonial government is doing much to improve the
onditions of the workers in the industrial centers. In fact salaries
re being pushed up at such a rate that Mission funds are inade-
uate to take care of the work that needs to be done. In Leopold-
ille, our capital, there are now innumerable houses for Congo-
ese workers that would be quite satisfactory for white people to
ve in, and the government is loaning money on the most gener-
us terms in order to encourage the people to own their own
omes, and to build them well.

Along with this material prosperity there are profound social
hanges taking place as well. In the early days our hearts went
ut in sympathy with the girls as they became of marriageable age,

because they were then totally dependent on their relatives to procure their husbands for them. The only way they could get a dress was to consent to become engaged to the young man chosen for them by their relatives, as it was and still is his duty to provide his fiancée with dresses. Nowadays, however, the young girls often have their own way of making money. In the Bangu for example they have large fields of fiber in their own right and they have been known to carry a bundle of fiber to the market that would give them a return of as much as 200 francs. With this money the girl can herself buy the dresses she desires and is now inclined to hold out for the man that she herself wants.

How is all this effecting the spread of the gospel in Congo? In many ways it is disastrous at least in our Banza Manteke field. Our work is self-supporting and it is very difficult to educate the church up to the point where it will support its workers adequately and as a result there is a dearth of qualified leaders and evangelists. Then too, this increased comfort and higher standard of living has not made people more generous but quite the contrary. There are so many things they see in the stores these days that they want that they hold on to their money as never before and it is only with patient teaching and *example* and heart-to-heart talks that we can show our people the challenge and the opportunity that is theirs to help lift the *spiritual* level as well, of their people. We are happy to report that some are catching the vision and are finding the joy that comes when we seek first the Kingdom of God, and *then* these other things.

There is a tremendous job to be done to hold before our people this ideal of a consecrated life and we need your prayers that we may be adequate for the task before us.

"Every day we may see some new thing in Christ. His love hath neither brim nor bottom."

"Wants are my best riches, for I have these supplied by Christ."

— SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

IMPRESSIONS AND REACTIONS

NINA URNER

"JUST like Memphis," I remarked to a companion as we leaned over the rail of the *Fernside* that bright October noon when docking at Matadi. Nothing wild or benighted about those natives loading, hauling, unloading cargo from a freighter just ahead. They were operating trucks made by the same manufacturer as those I had seen the previous week-end at Memphis, operated by American negroes, loading bales of cotton into boxcars. Seeing a fez type hat atop a native head, I asked "Are there Mohammedans in Congo?" "No, they are the police," was the reply. Thus was the first question and answer, the forerunner of millions of others until my nine months visit ended at this very dock.

Then came the women, as gala as if a celebration were being held. Pictures in my mission scrapbook began to take on life with smiling faces, laughing voices. Native cloths about the head and body as full of gay colors as a gorgeous cock — no wonder for he was patterned on the cloth in a gold frame calling forth his lusty greeting. Mathematical problems often incorrect, the stars, the moon and sun in his brilliant glory found their way into print. Some cloths new, some faded, others dirty, a ragged one sandwiched in between but the eye was dazzled and the mind amazed at so much gaiety. The drab was obscure for the moment. That girl is a Christian. How do you know? She is wearing a White Cross dress. This first impression makes me a little more sympathetic with the tourists who only see the natives here in Matadi, or Leopoldville, or Usumbura, or other commercial centers, when they write and say, "The heathen are happy. Why disturb them with Western religion?" Would that they could sense that invisible companion, the Spirit of Fear, which is walking beside them, will go into the home, sit at night beside the sleeper waiting to direct his very waking, eating, laboring, and caring for family, until its vigil returns. Of the Congolese it can be definitely written, "To know him you must sup with him."

As we left Matadi our way wound through native parts of the established city where living quarters range from the native pole and thatch to the well developed concrete house; out on the highway passing through native villages and from one hilltop viewing other villages in the valley or on other hilltops where they look picturesque nestled among a group of palm and mango trees; along the plateau acres and acres of grasslands but not a single cow grazing as it is inedible. Certainly it was a new experience. Suddenly emerging from the tall grasses came women with water jars heavier than the water contained therein. I once tried to lift one, thus being awakened to the effort required to have water.

On the boat as we came up the Congo River I first questioned myself as to how I would react to these people with their nakedness, the read-of dirty garments and persons, their strange customs, would I be accepted as I desired, etc.? I was so anxious to shake hands with Joshua Malutama there was no question, it was such a joy to place my hand in his, to look into the noble face of this man of God to whom I had been introduced by the pioneer Rev. Henry Richards. It did not end there, a feeling of humility crept over me, tears were very close as the school lads on either side of him pressed close to touch my hands with theirs just because in a day long passed I had known their leader and hero of the Cross. When at a baby clinic Miss Jorgenson put a lovely baby in my arms, my heart enfolded all Congo babies, adorable, soft, brown, like velvet, peering into my eyes with all the attributes of heaven, wonder, trust and love. The mother smiled as did others near-by. I held another, I was accepted. What a comforting feeling indeed.

Bicycles, bicycles, bicycles everywhere on the city streets, along the highways, within the plantation limits, leaning up against huts in the most remote villages. Commercial companies provide racks for them, stacked against the fences of the churches and schools — just everywhere they may be seen. The natives ride them, as do white people, to cover short distances or long. The young Congolese must have a bicycle just as the young American must have his automobile. A mission teacher living in an outlying village thinks he must have one, he asks for a raise in salary

so he may purchase one, he has learned installment buying, and wants the missionary to take payments out of his pay for a while.

One day Mrs. Robbins said — "A young man is going out into the village to establish a school. Would you like to see his equipment?" Of course I did not want to miss anything interesting. His equipment was: his own Bible, song book, first reader, painted calendar, large picture covered with blackboard paint for a blackboard, chalk, eraser, slate and pencil. If this equipment be meager more so is his preparation which was no more than a third reader. How great is his trust in God for support. Then came the request for a prayer of dedication which remains a touching experience. It was not interpreted, any interpretation would have been empty words, it remained in his heart as revealed by the Holy Spirit. The missionaries are so dependent on young men like this one. Eager to help others to know about the God he has learned to love and ready to teach them to read that they may find Him for themselves through that medium unknown to them. At Kikongo there is a Bible school to train such as this young man, that they may not go out into the villages with such meager equipment. This will be a service meeting urgent demands.

I have brought home a large picture of what to me is a typical Congo woman. The head of a healthy, mature young woman in a simple native costume. Around her neck a string of beads which is so cut off one cannot tell whether it holds a fetish, a cross, a medal or a safety pin, or neither. Her face has tribal markings; there is a far away look in her clear but moist eyes, a look of confusion so often noticed when the women are in repose, all animation is gone. These eyes seem to ask, "Can this new religion be right for me?" "What is this all about anway, these white people are telling us to do. Why do we have to give up certain customs why do we make our gardens the white man's way?" This lovely head portrays the hunger of a people for the sustaining comfort we find in "that they might have life more abundantly". She calls me to service, to giving, to prayer. To her aid had come those who have also heard a call and are answering the call of the Lord and Master of us all — Our Missionaries.

TO BE COMPLETED AND RETURNED BY DECEMBER 31

MARGARET JUMP

IT begins early in November — that is if it has a beginning. For actually most of us feel that no sooner do we seal the envelope containing one year's statistics than it is time to begin those for the next. The life of a missionary today is not only preaching teaching and healing. A good many hours are spent in just plain administration — sitting at a desk, answering letters, counting money, and making out reports. And we wonder why !

But it is in November and December that we wish sometimes that our work were not so big, that we didn't have quite so many villages, and that there weren't quite so many children in school. Early in November we send out statistical blanks to be completed by teachers and pastors — number of students, number of boys, number of girls, number of converts not yet baptised — men, women, number of Christians — men, women, number of Christian marriages, number of Christian families, number of births in Christian families, number of deaths in Christian families. In a few weeks the blanks come back to us and we begin the tabulation. Here at Vanga where reports from more than four hundred villages find their way to our desks, the tabulation is no small task. And we wonder if it is worthwhile.

Add to this the list of figures which we have been keeping all year — the number of candidates examined for baptism, those baptised, the enrollments in our regional and central schools, the amount of money given by the churches for the support of their work, the amount given to foreign missions, to home missions, the number of teachers placed in villages, the total African staff. Yes it takes a long time. We must make reports to our home boards, to the government, to the Congo Protestant Council. And we wonder why they are necessary.

And just when we think we have finished, we receive a letter from the nearest government official asking how many pounds of peanuts, corn, manioc, avocados, citrus fruits, and other

roducts we have raised this year, how many cubic yards of sand nd gravel we have used for building, how many cubic yards of mber we have cut, how many acres are under cultivation. Why? 'e are sure we'll never know.

The doctors do not escape this end-of-the-year chore. For ey too must make statistical reports — long and detailed; atients treated, hospital cases, hospital days, births, deaths, umber of cases of malaria, pneumonia, bronchitis, worms, etc.

And so we run our light plants overtime and sit up late nights dding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, copying, and recopy-g, (the reports are always at least in triplicate and the forms ever fit right in a typewriter.) And we use up yards of adding achine tape and wear callouses on our thumbs and fingers. nd then finally — just in time to catch the last mail before the nd of year, we seal the envelope and lick a stamp and heave a gh of relief. For it is finished for another year — or at least ntil after the Christmas holidays.

Then it is we stop to answer our why. We can realize that nless our home boards, the C.P.C., the government can get a cture of our work, they cannot know how to use the resources t hand to the best advantage; they cannot plan for the needs and pportunities of the future. It is true, statistics do not represent ne whole picture, but they do indicate the progress that is being ade; they do serve as a key to unlock the future. We see that n 1952 there are 1800 boys in third grade at Vanga, and we realize at in 1954 about 1500 will be graduating from primary school. hen we know that we must plan to take care of them in some rt of advanced work. We see that there are 13,000 converts who ave not yet been baptised, and we know that next year too, the vangelistic missionary will spend hours, days, weeks, examining ese people. We see that 1,900,000 francs have been given for ne support of our work, and we know that our Christians are eginning to understand stewardship. We see that 4,158 new embers have been added by baptism, and we know that we can xpect the church to grow even stronger. We look with joy and anksgiving at the report that 105,000 francs have been given for ork among the Bayaka, for building a brick church at Leverville,

for sending teachers into new areas, and we realize that God is blessing us mightily.

Yes, statistics are a chore, but they are a blessing too. For they help us to realize how far we have come, and how far we have to go. So we grumble and complain about having to do them, but we do them as best we can, and hope that in this way you will know what you must do so that we will have even more to report next year.

A DAY IN JANUARY IN THE LEOPOLDVILLE OFFICE

R = Rhoda, B = Ben Armstrong

The scene opens any time after five o'oclock in the morning

B: Rhoda, you should not lie there and read so late, you strain your eyes enough trying to get that educational report done.

R: What are you talking about? I am not reading; I am combing my hair.

B: Why comb your hair at this time of night? Get some sleep.

A loud and raucous screech sounds from the tree just outside the bedroom window; the beautiful little kingfisher has a voice that does not match his plumage. Ben's eyes open a crack and he discovers that there is a measure of daylight, that Rhoda has her hair in order, that the robins and thrushes are all sounding off, and that impossible as it seems another day is at hand.

R: You better get moving; that rooster has been asking for food for more than an hour.

B: The big chump crows all night . He isn't hungry. He just does not know enough to keep still. Did you see those dried caterpillars I got to put in the chicken feed?

R: Repulsive looking creatures!

B: That's what gets you those nice big eggs.

Ben tentatively stands on his feet and by a supreme effort does not fall back into bed.

B: OK, here we go for to-day.

He gets into a few clothes, this is the hot season in a hot city in a hot climate. The less clothing the better.

I have two committee meetings this morning at Kinshasa, so if you have any errands or shopping, let me have the list.

: This is the day for the broadcast from the Kwango, let's pray first so if interruptions come later we shall have had quiet for our devotions.

After reading in the Bible, the Book of Remembrance and the ecret place, with prayer, they feel better.

The radio brings in a series of sounds that would make the ngfisher jealous, then suddenly the noise of the motor at Moa- a breaks through. Ted Bubeck's voice can be heard, but words n not be distinguished. Smithy at Kikongo comes on, and the essage is understood.

Eight o'clock sounds.Station prayers in the historic old chap- across the street. Ben checks on the two workmen and makes re that they have work lined up to keep them busy.

Rhoda keeps right on with the typing, the dead line ap- oaches, and there is an appalling amount of work yet to be done. en gets out the old Chev and departs for the main part of the city here the union work committees meet. He does not get back be- re noon, does not get the shopping done, and the two workmen ve not distinguished themselves by accomplishment during the orning.

Ben mounts the stairs and calls a greeting above the clacking the typewriter.

: Oh hello, are you back already? (Glances at the clock) *no! no!* it can't be noon already. Why, between the telephone, the Bible women and the vegetable vendor I have done nothing this whole morning. *nothing!*

: That's too bad. What is all this pile of papers on your desk?

: Well, it's all part of the report and it does look like quite a pile, but really I have had a lot of interruptions. Look, what do you want for lunch? I didn't dream it was near noon. What did you decide about the 75th anniversary meetings for protestant mis- sions? Is any help in sight for LECO? When are you going to get at those statistics?

B: I want a glass of milk and a piece of brown bread with cheese.

We decided that we will have the big meeting in the stadium. The papal delegate told Mr. Thompson that if any of the local people object to the Lord's prayer and a Gospel hymn to send them to him. We are inviting the Presbyterians to let us have one of their top flight families for LECO, and the statistics will keep until this miserable educational report is out of the way.

R: Let's eat and try to get a bit of rest.

They rise from the table and Rhoda has just two or three little jobs to do before she takes a rest. Ben objects to the little jobs and says to let them go until after siesta. That is vetoed because after siesta she has to get on with the report.

Two o'clock and the carpenter wants to see Ben, the mail comes and Rhoda takes time off to read it, a knock on the door, and a former school boy is there asking for a certificate (hoping to persuade the missionary that he has done a year or two more in school than he really has), another knock and a church member from an interior station wants a recommendation so he can come into the church here as a full member. One of the letters from home states that a missionary meeting is to take place and may they have material for a program, please? The date is checked and the meeting has already been held before the letter is received in Congo. Another letter simply says "God bless you and we are praying for you. Don't bother to answer this, use your time in a better way". (May their tribe increase!) A couple hours' office work gets done and it is time to go out to the prayer meeting in the Christian Center.

The car is filled up with members of the families that live at the mission. It is a mile and a half out to the native city. The local pastor gives one of his simple earnest messages, there is prayer, all feel better. The men have dropped into church on their way home from work; they are hot and dirty. The women have been at baby clinic. A hundred or more are at the service. The children had their own service at the close of school.

Back to the mission, a few hours of uninterrupted work. Things really get done during the evening hours.

10:30 p.m.

B: You look groggy; let's call it a day.

R: I have just been waiting for you.

The lights go out, Rhoda sighs all the way up from the bottom of her diaphragm.

B: Now what?

R: When are we going to get the work done?

B: We aren't. Get some sleep.

The kingfisher sounds off again. Rhoda is doing her hair. The sun shines. It's a wonderful world.

"*FROM DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT* -- -- -- -- --"

ROSE UHLINGER

MAH-NA ! Mah-na!" Dawn's early light is barely peeping in the window, but Philip Douglas thinks it's high time to get up and frolic on his parents' beds, so he calls his own version of "*Mama*" to be rescued! A few minutes later Nancy Joy patters in to join the fun, dragging her pillow behind her. By this time the 5:40 a.m. bell is urging others on the station to follow suit. Nancy cries, "Get up Papa! – time for *sambu*," and rushes to don her clothes and find "my Biblia and hymn book." Dougie brings "soo-oes" and "zocks" to Mama to be put on. But Papa keeps snoozing, both eyes shut, but one practised ear listening to tell him when the students' marching feet have reached a certain spot. Then — swoosh— he's into his clothes, and beats them to the chapel! The Uhlinger's "Day" has begun.

Today is Wednesday—Boko baby clinic day. Being the acting "nurse" Rose is in a hurry to get things done. So breakfast is over by 7:30. Nancy Joy, with brother Dougie tagging along, is on the way to her little playmate Tcho-Boko's to help *tuta luku;* that is to pound manioc into flour with a pestle and mortar. Phil is off to take roll-call of his 17 carpenter's-school boys and to get them started on the day's activities. These boys were too old to continue in grammar school, so we opened this apprentice school

for them. Our idea is that they will learn a trade, then go out to their villages as village evangelist-teachers, but doing part-time carpenter work to support themselves. That's the theory, at least—whether it will work out, only time will tell.

After getting his boys started Phil is interrupted for a moment by Miss Eva Shepard who wants his opinion on how much we can afford to raise the Central School Teachers this year. They are getting the very minimum wage required by law, but there's not much stretch to the budget to raise that amount. The discussion over with, Phil looks in on the workmen. Some are finishing the new cement-block shop, some nailing the aluminum roof on the station pastor's little cement-block home. Some repair the clay and thatch house which will be the Wright's residence on their arrival at Boko. Still others are hopefully digging out rock to be used when—when?—the new missionary residence is built and others making cement blocks in the same hope. Then *Ka-uhlingi* is off with a truck-full of gasoline drums and a helper or two to get water from a nearby stream to use at home and at work. For our ram has gone on strike and the only running water to be found is in the nearby streams.

Meanwhile Rose has rinsed out some diapers and training pants, straightened the house a bit and told her Congolese helper, Nzinda, what to get for lunch and how to fix it. By ten o'clock she greets the 60-70 mothers, each with one or two babies, who good-naturedly crowd, shove and push around the little porch of the dispensary. We sing "Everybody Ought to Love Jesus"—in Kikongo, of course—then Mama Thérèse, the pastor's wife, relates a Bible story and sermonette. At times her words are almost obscured by the whimpering or laughing of the children. Some mothers wander indifferently to and fro; one even starts a loud conversation. Some nurse their babies to keep them quiet; the majority are straining eagerly to hear more of the exciting tale—of a new way of life. The worship service over the babies are called one by one to be weighed; those from the farthest village—a three hour walk—first.

The child's weight and maladies are recorded on his card—and the Congolese aid-nurse gives him a malaria preventative,

other medicine corresponding to his various ailments (sore eyes, worms, bronchitis--) and his mother receives a tiny piece of blue laundry soap to keep him clean. Today being very special, there are also white cross baby shirts as presents to supplement the red blue and yellow beads which clothe the tiny brown bodies.

By 12:30 the last "mama" is on her way home, the baby bouncing along on "Mama's" hip, and the Uhlingers are eating lunch. There's time for a very short siesta before 1:40 when that bell again says time to go back to work. This particular Wednesday afternoon is spent getting books, school program, Bibles, catechisms, and other supplies lined up for the next day's trip to Popokabaka. Phil is taking a teacher there in the hope of opening a church and school center. Previously there's been no Protestant work in that "city". Phil will have to ask the Chief for land to build the school on; and get it approved by the government. Then the teacher, his pupils, and possibly some Christians in the town will build a combined church and school of clay and thatch.

The five o'clock bell today is more welcome than its predecessors for it's time to jump in the Ford and we're off to a quick picnic supper. It's fun to get away at times—even for an hour. We seem to have brought everything on the trip except the lemonade which is still home in the refrigerator cooling, and Eva has forgotten the frying pan for the hamburgers. (An enameled camp dish does almost as well.) We park by the side of the road, tramp down the grass under the trees and make our fire while the lone Congolese passerby—a huge bundle of thatch slung across his shoulders —stares in unbelieving amazement. Why anyone would leave a beautiful home to go eat in the weeds—?

Our supper is topped off by peanuts roasted in the coals and we relax for a few minutes in the tropical moon-light before heading back. There are still classes to be taught tonight—to the teachers who hope to be able to pass the entrance exams at Kimpese next year. Eva has the 7 p.m. class; Rose the 8 o'clock. After that it's bedtime—and it seems like only minutes later we hear, "Mah-na Mah-na." Dawn's early light is peeping through that window again!

THE DAY BEFORE SCHOOL OPENED

EMILY KEYES

WEDNESDAY morning! It was my turn to lead 6 o'clock devotions for the people on the station. It would be in Kikongo of course! What if all those 600-plus people there knew the language better than I did, after eleven months in Congo? What if the words they heard weren't the same as the words I hoped I was saying? Somehow, with God's help, they would hear His message, even though my words weren't right.

After breakfast, Margaret Jump, Peggy Osterholm and I started the job of registering the girls who would be entering the station school. (The boys had been registered the day before.) It was more a question of who would *not* be entering, among the 200 or so begging to be admitted. How would *you* decide, with only 40 beds in the girls' dormitories?

Would you accept only the little girls? We have been pleading with parents to send their girls to school when they are young. Now, do we have the heart—or nerve—to tell them that we don't have room for them?

Or, would you accept only the fiancées of our teachers and nurses, who are in our mission work and who want a wife who will be a good companion, a good mother for their children, a strong force in making a Christian home and a Christian village? But we had to turn many of these away as well, in spite of the fact that we want Christian homes in our Congo villages, in spite of the fact that we have encouraged our workers to choose well-educated girls to marry. We had to say NO.

The girls couldn't understand, nor could their families, nor their future husbands. The missionaries don't understand! "We'd be glad to sleep on the floor all year long. Just let us come to school!" By this time we had already accepted 129 girls—for the 40 beds, so we had to be firm. Either way we looked at it, we were caught by our consciences. We had accepted too many. We had turned away too many. Those we had accepted didn't care. They were perfectly willing to sleep three in a bed—or on the floor, but

we knew it wasn't right. Even so, it seemed a lesser evil than to refuse to teach those to whom we had been sent. Our hearts ached just as much or more than those who went away sobbing in disappointment.

If only we had a builder to put up more dormitories and classrooms! (We can run the school in two shifts, but it's a little difficult to think of sleeping in shifts!) If only we had the money to pay for the work and materials that are needed for new buildings! We are aware that other areas need workers and money, too, and we do not ask for that which is needed more elsewhere. All we want are the responses from those whom God asks to answer His call to give that which they have, to give their life to His Message, to His work in Congo, where people are pleading to hear more about Him, and the Christian way—and we have to say NO!

Later, some sixth grade boys came to me, asking what will happen to their class next year. They are at the end of elementary school; the next step is secondary school. Whether or not we will have one at Vanga depends on whether or not we can have one more educational couple to meet the requirements for the teaching staff. At the end of next year, in the Vanga area alone, more than 1500 youngsters will be ready to enter. May they? That is what these boys asked. Of course I couldn't promise them a thing. A broken promise is worse than none. "The Catholics have plenty of missionaries and plenty of schools. Why aren't there more missionaries", they asked. I said that was hard to answer. They thought that it was Kikongo that was bothering me again (a logical assumption), but I had to say that *no* language could make it easy to explain why people weren't eager to respond to God's call or, the call of His children to "Come over and help us". These young Christians couldn't understand that people didn't want to serve Him, and I didn't want to understand either!

That night, before the opening of school, as the girls gathered for evening devotions before an open fire in front of their dormitories, Kisaka, one of our Kimpese-trained teachers, told the story of the Lord's choosing of His followers. (It seemed a bit ironic to us that he had chosen that subject, when we had been turning away so many that day.) Kisaka reminded the girls that He has

chosen each one to bear His Message, to do His work, in our daily lives, at study, at play, at our various duties, wherever He calls us. And, as He has chosen us, we must be faithful in that which He has given us to do. In the quietness of that time of worship, God was very near, calming our troubled hearts. Surely, as He had called us to follow Him to Congo, He must be calling others as well. They too, will answer "Yes, Lord." They will come to build, to teach, to heal—and in all of these—to carry His Word to those who hunger for it. You ARE answering, aren't you?

A MISSIONARY HOUSEWIFE'S DAY

ETHEL D. BROWN

AS thy days, so shall thy strength be", is one of God's promises. Even though at the beginning of the day the tasks seem too many, we ask for that strength which He has promised us. Our day begins at daybreak, when the air is cool and we feel refreshed after the night's rest. The chapel bell rings at 6:30 calling everyone to morning prayers. When that is over we have our breakfast at 7 o'clock, then the day's work begins in earnest. The new houseboy, a lad of thirteen, needs instruction about his various tasks. Sometimes it seems that it would take less time to do the work one's self, but with patient teaching he will learn and will really save the time of the missionary housewife.

This day of all days, our cook is ill and in the hospital probably to remain several days. "It never rains but it pours", proves to be the motto for many a day, and it certainly is true for this day. Guests arrived yesterday. The Government Territorial Agent and his wife dropped in to stay about three days. So it falls to the housewife to prepare the meals, with the help of two small inexperienced school boys. Fortunately one knows how to set the table and peel potatoes. But this is the day to bake bread, and it has been many years since it has been necessary for this housewife to make the bread. Our cook has done it so well, she has left him to

do it and her skill has become dormant. It is therefore necessary to consult the cookbook to arouse the dormant skill. At noon a loaf of bread is removed from the oven — it is edible, but not like the loaf produced by the cook.

The sewing class today is from 10 o'clock to noon and the girls are to cut their dresses which they are going to sew themselves. Time must be found to get a pattern ready for three different groups, so that three can cut at a time. Now what to have for dinner! Somehow a meal is prepared which is ready to be served by noon.

With twenty-five girls in a sewing class, it keeps one on the *qui vive* to supervise the cutting of patterns. There are only 3 tables, fortunately, so the instructor has to be only in 3 places at one time. The girls must learn how to conserve material, how to place the pattern and how to cut evenly. We who have grown up using scissors, not remembering when we first learned to use them, can hardly realize why a sixteen year old girl must be shown how to hold scissors and how to make them cut. During the two hours most of the girls get at least part of a dress cut. They are impatient to start sewing them, but the rest will be finished at the next sewing class, then they can begin putting pieces together.

Our guests have arrived for lunch, and all goes well enough. At one o'clock we are finished and as is the Congo custom, we have a siesta. It is a very practical custom, we are always ready for it, but the bell at 1:50 seems to have rung early, we could have done with a longer rest.

The afternoon is occupied with work in the office. This housewife happens to have two clerical jobs which help to keep her occupied when she is not teaching her daily two hours in the girls' school. She helps the acting Mission Treasurer with some of his typing and filing. She is also editor of this little news magazine. The latest issue has just been wrapped by some of the school boys, addresses have been put on and stamped, so it is now ready to send to the post office. There are about 1400 copies which have to be packed in a box and sent to Matadi. Before we know it the afternoon is finished and another meal has to be prepared. Our cook will be worth his weight in gold when he gets better and

comes back to work.

The evening meal is finished and we chat with our guests in the sitting room. The conversation is in French and for some reason it is difficult to concentrate on what is being said; it has been a hot day, the evening has not yet cooled off; there is work still to be done in the office and a sewing class to prepare for tomorrow. Another class wants to make their dresses from a different pattern, so one must be made ready. After a decent interval we excuse ourselves; our guests are sympathetic; they entertain themselves until bed time.

Before any time at all it is 9:30 and the mail pouch must be made up, which is taken by a school boy at 5:30 a.m. to our nearest railroad station. One of this housewife's duties is to help make up the mail. By 10:30 the office is shut up and lights out, and we go to our beds. The evening is cooler now, how good it feels ! It would be restful to read a while before going to sleep, but the eyelids become heavy with sleep, the book drops, so lights go out and the night's rest begins.

Somehow the work is done and we realize that it has been true that, "my grace is sufficient for thee". As the day ends we look back and think that so little has been accomplished; the work of the day has been mundane, but, necessary. Nothing spectacular has been done, but we ask the Lord to bless our efforts, and hope that there has been some seed sewn in the ordinary conversations and contacts, which will bring forth fruit. "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase".

"Your rock doth not ebb and flow, but your sea."

"If contentment were here, heaven were not heaven."

"Christ chargeth me to believe His daylight at midnight."

— SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

SPEND A DAY WITH A TWO YEAR OLD

KAREN JUMP

THE bell doesn't waken me anymore at six o'clock. I suppose it still rings, and that most folks get up and go to chapel, ut the first thing I know is that mother comes in at quarter of even calling, "Time to get up." I yawn, screw my eyes shut, nd turn my face, but it doesn't do a bit of good. I have to get up ress, and eat breakfast before 7:30 when mother goes to school.

Those preliminaries ended, I can get down to business. I ave to greet my kitten and puppy and make sure they passed a ood night. Ring, the dog, used to knock me over every morning, ut I can hold my own now. There are chickens to look after too, specially the five new babies, but unfortunately the mother hen oesn't trust me.

I usually enjoy my mornings — the garden to explore, the hickens to chase, a bucket of water to play in. Mother is at school nd the houseboys are busy, so I can have a lot of fun before they iscover that I've disappeared or am on my way to Aunt Peggy's r Aunt Emily's or to see the men at the shop. They couldn't find ne one day — I was at school climbing in and out of the window f the room where mother was teaching.

About 10:30 some of the other children whose mothers teach oo come to play with me. I have so many toys to play with I an't understand why they all want the same one I do at the same ime. Some of the older school girls are there to referee our rguments.

Mother gets home at noon and we have lunch together. Daddy sn't home very often as he has to visit the churches in the district. When he is home it keeps me busy in the morning checking up n the work he is doing in the office. I like to go out in the district oo, and perhaps now that Aunt Emily is here, mother and I can o some time.

After my busy morning I do need a rest hour, and I'm all eady for it. When I get awake about three I usually need a dish f ice cream to get me ready for the afternoon. The school girls

come to do their sewing, and make sure that I do not stray too far.

When mother gets home at five o'clock it is bath time, and then supper. Afterwards we have an hour to play together. If daddy is home it is even more fun.

Seven o'clock, and it is time to brush my teeth and listen to mother say my prayers, and then I'm off to bed. I need lots of sleep because I have so much to look after tomorrow.

OUR NEW RECRUITS

Eleven newly appointed missionaries are on their way! That gives us courage to carry on, because relief is in sight. There are seven in Belgium, studying French:

Miss Madelyn Albrecht
Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Miss Virginia Hjerstedt
Miss Virginia Nickerson, R.N
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddle

And four are in U.S. finishing their preparation;

Mrs. Virginia L. Burghard
Miss Margot Hakes
Rev. and Mrs. Murray F.Sharp

BUT — we still wait for more, whom we need immediately. This is the list in order of urgency:

General Board	Women's Board
1 Mission Treasurer	
1 Builder	2 Nurses
1 Education couple	1 Educational worker
1 Evangelistic couple	
1 Doctor	
1 Educational couple	
1 Builder	

* * * * *

Will YOU come? Or will you try to find someone to fill these needs

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